

CROWDS ROARED AS AEROPLANE DANCED ABOVE

(Continued From First Page.)

ing with uplifted eyes and craning necks the swallow-like machine swept into the upper currents. Then, as Johnstone rose still higher, a tremendous huza rang over the field, drowning the noise of the propellers. With his eyes dead set before him, the aviator flew down the field, and then turned sharply back, the machine lifting still higher. Sweeping rapidly westward again, Johnstone took another sharp turn, and the aeroplane, sailing like a huge gull, flew in front of the Exhibition Building and over the race track. There was never anything like it before.

Johnstone was absolutely careless of the laws of gravity. He sprang upward and swooped downward. He made turns so sharp that the aeroplane came on the turn at almost right angles. He rose to the dizzy height of 1,000 feet, and at that level swept around the field again and again. As he came eastward on the third turn the people shouted as one man. The fakers and spellers on Midway were washed. No one moved. But a thousand throats and a thousand more cracked themselves to make Johnstone hear their plaudits.

Waved to Multitude.

Sailing majestically far above them and on a level plane, Johnstone calmly waved his hand and dipped a salutation. He swept round to the grandstand, and from there again the shouts of the multitude rose to his air craft. It is probable that he did not hear the shouting on account of the noise of his propellers, but he glanced downward and could see by the gesticulations that the crowd was wildly cheering him. He held his wheel with one hand, and with the other waved to the enthusiasts.

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A quick lunch prepared in a minute.
Take no imitation. Just say "HORLICK'S."
In No Combine or Trust

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for Nature

Panacea Mineral Spring Water

Is Nature's Remedy

to eliminate toxins and build up
the blood, increases the haemo-
globin, thus imparting vigor and
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INCORPORATED

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Fall and Winter
Hats and Bonnets
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October 5th and 6th, 1910.

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For the Fall Season
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Freeman Advertising Agency
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ITS BENEFICIAL EFFECTS
ALWAYS BUY THE GENUINE

Syrup of Figs AND ELIXIR OF SENNA

MANUFACTURED BY THE
CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SOLD BY ALL LEADING
DRUGGISTS
ONE SIZE ONLY, 50¢ A BOTTLE

Again, with the front elevating
planes lifted, he swept back up the
field, and turning sharply to the right,
soured away to the north. As he
fled back to the field again he
stopped his motors and slid down 800
feet almost to the earth. It was like
a swallow resting on its wings and
waffling downward to its perch. People
thought the flight was ending and
that the aeroplane was coming to
earth. But a shock of surprise went
through them as they watched breath-
lessly and saw Johnstone skim over
the lower currents and soar up to
the empty spaces. For a moment
no one could yell, and then gaping
mouths gave vent to shrill shouts that
acclaimed the latest wonder of science.

His Graceful Dip.

Far above Johnstone, by calm, set
face, watched his course and then
glanced inquiringly downward. He
saw that he was pleasing, that the
crowd was applauding in excitement so
intense that the people were almost
uncontrollable, and, with a magnificent
dip, he made acknowledgment. Round
again he flew, taking such sharp turns
that the crowds gasped and hearts
almost stopped beating. It was al-
most too wonderful to believe, even
when one saw it.

Now Johnstone swooped downward,
like a hawk striking for its prey, slid-
ing straight to the ground. Within
two feet of the earth he brought the
aeroplane to a level and did a grass-
kissing stunt. He swerved up and
down, hopping over the flower plots and
tents in the field, as a sailboat glides
over the waves. He had the machine
under absolute control. A slight wind,
which blew at a tangent across the
field, had no effect—at least no ap-
parent effect—on the human bird. John-
stone took it everywhere at will. He
could skim the ground in one moment
and the next rise a couple of hundred
feet in the air. He could slide down-
wards at a terrific rate and then
swerve back into the upper lanes with
the grace and ease of an eagle.
Wherever he pointed he flew; what-
ever he attempted he accomplished.

Chilled by Swoops.

At times his downward swoops were
almost sickening to the eyes, who had
never before seen an aeroplane in ac-
tion. It looked as if he were coming
down to death. But as he touched the
grass tops he tilted the forward planes,
and the 1,000-pound machine rose with
the grace of a frightened bird. He
must have smiled as he imagined the
agony of those below and heard their
shouts wafted faintly up to him in his
perilous perch.

On his last lap Johnstone circled
around onto the west end of the race
track and flew down about 500 feet
directly above the brown ribbon.
Horses in the paddock shied and reared
as the great gull-like machine, with its
whirling propellers, swept above them,
and people who were directly under
ducked their heads and ran for shelter.
But he never came nearer. He cut
across the fence between the field and
track, and then flew down the middle
of the field, rising above the tents and
wood partitions erected for the night
show. Then he turned, cut off his en-
gines, and, directly in front of the
grandstand and between innumerable
wires, he wafted down, settling as
gently as a bird.

Crowd Wildly Excited.

He had flown. He had accomplished
what many here believed impossible.
He had cut dikes, whatever they are,
he had done everything that a bird can
do. He had shown the unbelieving
crowds that the dream of centuries had
come true. And seeing the people be-
lieved. Then they shouted out their
exultation and with one accord rushed
across the field. Smiling and abashed,
the young aviator met them in front of
the human bird. Both his hands were
grasped, and there came to his ears
confusing congratulations, words run-
ning over and into each other, every
one vying with the other to say some-
thing appropriate. Gradually the peo-
ple were pressed back, and he came
back to the grandstand with the assur-
ance that they would see him every
day. The wheels, which had been taken
off preparatory to the flight, were re-
placed, and the aeroplane was rolled
back to its hangar.

"I feel fine," said Johnstone. "The
conditions were perfect, and I had not the
slightest trouble. It was not dif-
cult. I am glad that you are pleased."
It was rather painful for him to stand
there in the crowd, and at the first
chance he edged away and escaped. He
had done what he had promised, and
there was nothing for him to say about it.

Mayor Richardson was highly elated
over Johnstone's success, for he had
already been assured that he would be
taken up as a passenger, probably on
Richmond Day.
"But, young man," he said, earnestly,
"don't you cut any dikes with me. I
want just plain sailing. I haven't got
wings yet, and a tumble wouldn't do
me any good."

Johnstone laughed. "It will be all
right, Mr. Mayor," he said. "I'll take
care of you and bring you back to your
wife and family."

No Kick This Year.

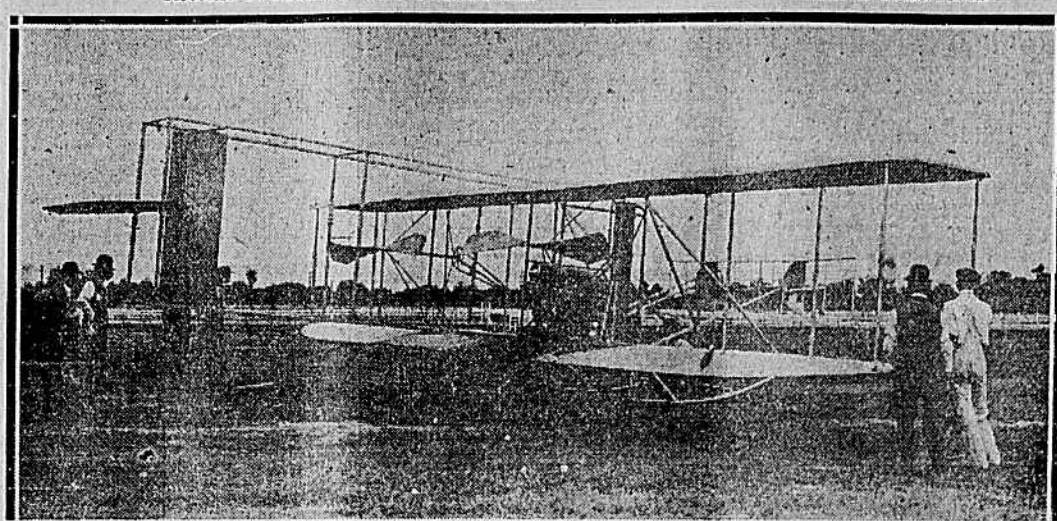
Ten minutes after the flight ended
Johnstone was rather much surprised
to receive his \$2,000 check on such
short notice. It was signed by J. J.
Anderson, for the Fair Association, and
delivered at once, just to show the avia-
tor that he had more than fulfilled his
contract. And what pleased the fair
people most was the fact that a Wright
machine performed so gamely, after
their sad experience with Charles
Willard's hops in a Curtiss machine
one year ago exactly.

Ralph Johnstone Preparing for Flight



THOMAS P. JACKSON AND JOHNSTONE.

RALPH JOHNSTONE



GETTING AEROPLANE ON MONORAIL

FIRST DAY'S RACING PLEASES BIG CROWD

Pacing Event Is Real Horse Race, Contenders
Finishing Under Lash—Favorites All
Win in Running Events—Great
Card for To-Day.

Under cloudy skies and with a slight
breeze blowing, the annual harness
and running meet of the Virginia
State Fair Association began yester-
day afternoon before an audience
which nearly filled the grandstand. It
was not the largest crowd ever in
attendance at these races, but it was
enthusiastic and enjoyed the sport to
the fullest.

By far the prettiest race of the after-
noon was the 2:13 pace. While there
were but four starters, the finish of
each of the three heats was spec-
tacular, the horses coming in under
the whip, and it being anybody's race
until the wire was crossed. Lena Di-
rectly, with W. L. Bull driving, won
in three straight heats, but King of
the Manor, driven by S. C. Bull, and
Roy Wilkes, with Cannon in the bike,
were steady contenders, finishing sec-
ond and third respectively. Major
Viceroy was distanced in the first heat.

In the first race of the day, 2:35
trot, Bell Tier, winner of the race,
walked away from the field of ten
and after the first heat was never
troubled, winning the three remaining
in easy fashion. It was a pretty race,
however, the horses getting away to
a good start and driven hard all the
way. The track, as has been already
told, was in good condition, and sev-
eral of the entries lowered their rec-
ord.

In the running events the favorites
won in each race, getting away from
the field and never being worried.
Cherokee Rose was the winner in the
third race, surprising no one, as she
is known to be a fast one on the
sprints, and had been picked by the
wise ones. Alice Virginia finished a
good second, with Fort Carroll getting
third money.

The Valley Steeplechase brought
forth a small field, there being only
three entries. Essex, an old-time fa-
vorite on the local track, was raced
hard by Touchstone for the first mile
of the course, but on the second go

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PICKINGS FROM THE PADDOCK

Program and entries both look good
for to-day. Look 'em over and pick
out the good ones. With eight races—
four harness and four running—and
with the talent in each event way
above the average, followers of the
sport should find plenty of amusement.
Looks like a big day to-day from a
racing standpoint.

When Aviator Johnstone took his
dying machine for a spin, there was
much scurrying of feet around the
stable. Boys were running as fast as
their feet would take them to stand
by their horses, for fear they might
stampede at the approach of the bird-
man. A race between the flying ma-
chine and some fast runner might be
interesting.

"How can a guy win when they give
him a dog to ride?"—Lay of the jocks
finishing outside the money. Never
was one yet who didn't have a bad
moment when he lost. All alike.

"Tuesday is always my day," said
Trainer Allen, who is looking after
the Parish string of fast ones. He
expects to get some money to-day, so
watch for the starters from his stable.

W. L. and S. C. Bull, winners of first
and second place, respectively, in the
2:19 pace, showed conclusively that
their fraternal relationship cut little
figure when it came to racing. They
raced each other off their feet, though
Lena Directly, driven by W. L., was a
little too speedy for her opponent, al-
though these two brothers are great
drivers in any class.

Anybody watching Roy Wilkes and
King of the Manor going neck and
neck from the three-quarter post to
the wire in the second race yester-
day for three consecutive heats and
not getting excited is a mighty poor
sport. It was one of the best races
ever witnessed in Richmond, and they
don't happen any prettier anywhere
else. Both horses were under the whip
for the finishing quarter, and both re-
sponded with all that was in them.
King of the Manor showed more mettle
and got second money.

Still speaking of that 2:19 pace, Lena
Directly, the winner, lowered her rec-
ord, 2:19, in two heats, going the mile
in 2:17 1/4, and again in 2:18 1/2.
That horse is booked for better things.
She's young yet, and with proper
handling ought to develop greater
speed.

Something must have been wrong
with A. D. Williams's Dill. The horse
looked good in the first race, but was
distanced in the opening heat and
came in running all the way.

Remarkable how few scratches there
were in yesterday's races. This is one
of the benefits of a small field, and it
is a safe bet that all the entries in
any given race will start.

Cherokee Rose, Ortega and Fort
Carroll look mighty good over the
short distances. Better watch these
sprinters. It might be worth while.

Cheek, J. S. Tyree's chestnut filly,
did some mighty nice running in the
fifth race yesterday, finishing second
to Takahira, in the closest running race
of the day. Men who have followed
her over various tracks think well of
her and say she is one of the best mil-
lers of the year. Anyway, she has a
long string of firsts to her credit.

Back with us again is Frederick Up-
per, who for four years has been start-
er of the harness races and acting
judge. He is considered one of the best
starters in the country, and is just
back from Syracuse, where he officiated
at the Syracuse Fair Association meet-
ing, which, by the way, is one of the big-
gest in the country. He is a great

The two sizes are an accommodation
—a convenience to you. There are
times when you want a short smoke
and will prefer the Little Bobbie.
It's half as big and therefore half the
price of the Robert Burns.



Alike in every other way. Same
workmanship; same exquisite, mild
flavor; sold by the same dealers.
GEORGE L. STORM & CO., New York.

George P. Mapp, Keller, Va.
16. Bird Eliza, Alex B. Cox, Paoli.
17. Toodles, b. c., Todd, Alex B. Cox,
Paoli, Pa.

Running Race Entries.
Fourth race—five and one-half fur-
longs—Aunt Kate, 123; Presque Isle
Gem, 110; Billie Hibbs, 123; Bobbie
Kean, 119; Hymen, 113; Benlana, 123;
Van Loan, 117; Lucile R., 123; West-
over, 116.
Fifth race—one mile—Helen B., 118;
Jack Baker, 121; Hymen, 113; Gator,
102; Lucile R., 113; Takahira, 113.
Sixth race—The Virginia Fair Steeple-
chase, for hunters duly qualified
under the rules of the National Steeple-
chase and Hunt Association and Hunt
Association of Canadian Hunt Associa-
tion, by subscription of \$10 each with
\$250 added, of which \$75 to second and
\$50 to third; five-year-olds to carry
132 pounds; older, 150 pounds; win-
ners twice this year, five pounds ex-
tra; maidens allowed seven pounds;
gentlemen riders allowed five pounds.
About two and one-quarter miles.
Seventh race—for three-year-olds and
upwards—By subscription of \$5 each
with \$225 added, of which \$50 to second
and \$25 to third; at 12 pounds below
the scale. Winners twice this year,
five pounds extra; three or more times,
nine pounds extra; non-winners this
year allowed five pounds. One mile
and a sixteenth.

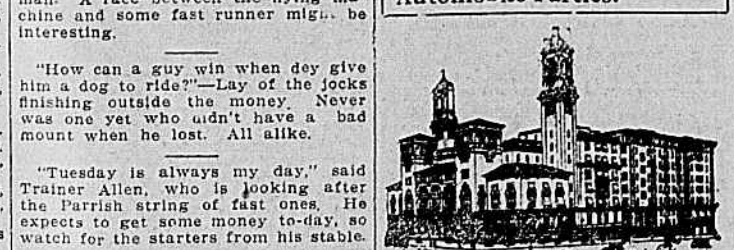
Harness Entries.
2:30 pace, \$400:
1. Anna Ballard, b. m., W. W. Jr.,
N. G. Eppley, Carlisle, Pa.
2. Hallie Duke, b. m., Direct Hal-
lister Ocean, S. Walton, Falls Mills,
Va.
3. Elegant Poy, b. g., Charles At-
kinson, Baltimore, Md.
4. Sir Thomas Linton, blk. c., Ashbow,
Nan Wilkes, M. E. Doyle, Lynchburg,
Va.
2:22 trot, \$100:
1. King Redwood, b. c., King Bed-
worth, J. C. Mott, Washington, D. C.
2. Miss Mina, b. m., Red Medium,
J. C. Mott, Washington, D. C.
3. Sir Thomas Linton, blk. c., Letcher,
by Wiggins, Herman Tyson, Newark,
Del.
The Elk, blk. g., Cal Titus, GHI's
Livory, Danville, Va.
5. Prince M., ch. g., Sidney Prince-
Annie M., V. Turner, Richmond.
6. Bug Boy, b. g., Sidney Prince-
Pauline, W. L. Bull, Meira, Va.
Three-year-old and under trot, \$500:
1. Princess Proem, b. m.,
Walkey, M. Chevalier, S. C. Proem,
W. L. Bull, Meira, Va.
2. Alto Dewey, blk. s., Admiral
Dewey, E. F. Hall, Washington, D. C.
3. White Stocking, ch. s., Sidney
Prince, Lee Riffon, Chertown, Va.
4. Friedhelm, blk. s., E. E. Essel,
burne, Canton, O.
5. Miss McKerron, b. m., John A. Mc-
Kerron, E. E. Esselburn, Canton, O.
6. Nasmyth, Baron, Cal. J. Cosby,
Richmond.
7. Red Prodigal, b. s., Prodigal, Wal-
ton Farm, Falls Mills, Va.
8. Redwoods, b. m., Red Leo, Walton
Farm, Falls Mills, Va.
9. Colonel Silver, b. m., Red Leo,
Walton Farm, Falls Mills, Va.
10. Post Driver, b. c., The Director-
General, E. M. Harden, Raleigh, N. C.
11. Sidney Danton, ch. s., Sidney Dil-
lon, W. T. Mitchell, Colgate, Md.
12. Frank Oliver, blk. g., Rod Oliver,
C. R. Sterling, Clinton, Va.
13. Colonel Oliver, b. c., Rod Oliver,
J. W. Belote, Keller, Va.
14. Lady Jean, b. m., Sidney Prince,
H. E. Meers, Keller, Va.
15. Coronet Rod, b. c., Red Oliver,

Speaking among themselves, the
judges came to the conclusion that the
track, especially in the stretch, was
faster than ever before and that it
stacked up with the fastest in the coun-
try.

F. C. Smith, for many years author-
ity on running races with the New
York Telegraph, and now secretary of
the Coney Island Jockey Club, is one
of the cleverest men in the racing
game. He knows race horses like a
person knows his Bible, and has man-
aged many tracks in his time. He ar-
ranged the running race card for the
present meet.

Remember the horses are called to
the post promptly at 1 o'clock.

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